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(with Galsworthy, for instance), and through his own Slavic temperament, refuses to deceive himself, to regard the shades of the prison-house as the sunshine of a fools' paradise, but, fatalist and ironist as he is, he does not lose heart. He rejoices to recognize and salute courage, fortitude and honor. Simple, dutiful, often obscure heroes are, and good women are, and against these the sinister forces that mock human endeavor are vain even in their very triumphs. As Cordelia, being dead, yet lives, so live the baffled Tuan Jim and Rajah-Laut and Nostromo. Whatever be the truth of the far future, whatever be the fate of this old pulsing planet, the secret forces that are at grapple in the world and the universe *must* take account of honor and of the simplicity that does its duty without thought of alternative or of reward. I do not understand the mystery of cosmos, implies Conrad; it is too large, too various, too arbitrary for me, but I do know that it is so fashioned as to make possible the ways and aspirations of good men and women who, despite all their sufferings, learn to grow in goodness. And so I know that the centre of cosmos is in some way, however remotely, responsible for the determination of such men and women to pitch their lives high. Courage, Fortitude, Fidelity are Conrad's words. They are enough.

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FORGIVE YOU?

Forgive you, dear? If there were anything
 To be forgiven, I could not; but my pain
 Has come inevitably as the spring,
 The sunshine or the rain.
 I could not help but love you. Is there blame?
 'Tis God's, not yours. Do moths forgive the flame?

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

New York.